THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 121.)

LETTER XXXVII.

My Dear E.

ONE of the most agreeable excursions we have made, has been to the glaciers of Savoy, which Coxe and other travellers have rendered familiar to you by name, but which no description can convey an adequate idea of. I will simply give you an account of the impression they made upon us, but without entering into particulars which have been so frequently repeated. You must now open a map of Savoy, and observe the course of the Arve, which the road is governed by from Geneva to Chamouni. The towns mentioned by Coxe are such as he describes them. The country is wild and savage; little spots of good land appear well cultivated, in places that seem almost inaccessible; and what we should call, in America, the low grounds of the river, are, in general, an accumulation of very fine soil. But in some places, a great deal of injury appears to have been occasioned by the ungovernable fury of the water, which now and then reassumes, like Providence, in a moment, what it had been ages in bestowing. If we may judge by analogy, the far greater part of this extensive valley of the Arve was formerly a chain of lakes, and one in particular, is known to have been near Servoz. In the center of this lake, stood, on a craggy island, the castle of St. Michel, and a few miles below was the little town of St. Denys, not far, in all probability, from where the *pont des chevres* is placed on the map. Could an inhabitant of those days

be called to life again, how great would his be astonishment, at the change which has taken place! The poor dismantled remains of St. Michel are no longer on an island. The lake disappeared by the sudden failure of the mound which supported it, and the waters, in their retreat, swept away the town and all its inhabitants. It must have been a horrible catastrophe, and as unexpected as it was irresistible. For an hour or two from Servoz (for in this country they count by hours and not by miles) the road has more the appearance of stairs, badly cut in the rock, than of a mean of communication in carriages. Even the *char-à-banc*, of which I send you a drawing, is with difficulty dragged along. To the right is a steep, impending rock, to the left is a precipice, with the Arve bursting his way, from one obstacle to another, at the bottom. The opposite side rises abruptly, to a very great height, and almost perpendicularly; and yet, not far from the summit, I observed a man mowing. The spot which was to reward his industry, seemed less than a quarter of an acre: it lay, like an island, amid a waste of barren rocks, and was so steep, that had he lost his foot-hold, he must have fallen into a chasm of at least 2000 feet.

It would surely be no difficult matter to collect as many colonists as one pleased, in a country like this, who would cheerfully consent to remove to any part of the United States, from the wilds of Savoy, or of Jura; these last are very little known to travellers, and have been well and eloquently described by Mr. Lequinio.

At a very small distance from the part of the road, where we saw the man mowing, as it were, in the air, the singular appearance of which will never be effaced from my imagination, we entered the valley of Chamouny, a valley so often described, that I can conceive your being better acquainted with it than with the Calf-pasture, or the Shenandoe. The Arve runs along the middle and on either side the banks, which rise by a very rapid slope, are diversified by various sorts of produce, till they become too steep, or too barren, to be cultivated. Houses and villages are thickly scattered, and every thing bespeaks plenty and good husbandry, while the glaciers, which, like enormous icicles, are protruded down the sides of the mountains they belong to, create a contrast with the beauties of vegetation, which exceeds all I ever beheld, in novelty and in magnificence.

Hitherto, the inhabitants of Savoy, though frequently in possession of a fertile soil, had appeared a poor, dispirited, and miserable race; and the shepherdesses of the Alps had looked more like gipsies than those elegantly rural forms, which the genius of painting had bestowed upon them. But in the valley of Chamouny, the race of man seemed improved, and it was in the midst of all that could delight the mind, that we arrived at the Priory, on the evening of the second day. Our company was not quite the same as in the journey through the south of France. We had the addition of your uncle and brother, of the little Genevan, and of the stout Swiss nurse, who has the charge of her, and who, wearing a gold cross, by way of ornament, was very much afraid of being taken for a Catholick, and a Savoyarde.

Of dangers on the road we experienced none, but we passed fre-

quently where dangers had been; as over the beds of torrents, which bear every thing before them, when swelled with the melting of the snows, and under the brow of mountains, from which masses of rock had often fallen, to the great terrour of the neighbourhood. Savoy has had its portion of sufferings during the French Revolution. The clergy was everywhere despoiled of their property, and everywhere the object of cruelty, and oppression. The churches and chapels were converted to some profane use, and the poor parish priests were hunted out and pursued from one hiding-place to another. Yet did not these good men desert their flocks; for five years, that religion was an object of persecution, they persevered in attempting to fulfil their duty and had all the merit of the first Christians in the times of Nero or Dioclesian. I have lately seen two very fine pictures on this subject. The one represents the curate as performing divine service at the foot of a rock, in a remote valley, during the persecution, and the other as returning to his parish, after the *concordat* between the French Government and the Pope.* In this last he is represented as surrounded by the old and the young. "He for God only, they for God in him." As a well-beloved friend and parent, who returns, after a long absence, to the bosom of a family. A group of clowns are in the act of raising the cross, the mayor of the commune is explaining the blessed change which has taken place, and an old couple, who seem too weak with age, to stand up, and who may have been borne to the church door, and seated there by their children, have an expression on their countenance, which religion alone could give rise to; it seems as if a ray from heaven had come to gild the last moments of their existence. Surely, such subjects are far more worthy the talents of an artist than a market for cattle, or for hogs, or the drunken boors and alehouse joys of the Flemish school.

The gentry of Savoy have suffered almost as much as the clergy; they have been treated as emigrants, for remaining attached to a cause, which they would have been despised for quitting, and have been ruined by fines and confiscations, while a new race of people, like the new race of noxious insects and reptiles who are called into existence by the putridity of our rice-fields, when the water is withdrawn, has risen to opulence and to distinction, in their place. At Salenches, I was looking at the castle, and asked a person who came up, the name of the proprietor. It has been confiscated, he said, and sold for *assignats*, and now belongs to the barber, who used formerly to shave Monsieur le Baron. The moonlight view from Chamouny is extremely sublime. At a small distance, appears Mont Blanc, at the perpendicular height, above the valley, of upwards of 12,000 feet, and to the left is a range of lofty eminences, the lowest of which, would, in any other situation, command the admiration of travellers.

The next morning, at an early hour, we proceeded to ascend a mountain, which is on the opposite side of the valley to the Montanvert, each of us mounted on a mule, and each accompanied by a guide on foot: these guides are a race of active, intelligent, good-humour-

* These pictures were painted by Topfer.

ed people, who live by attending strangers on such occasions, and know the value of a good character. The ascent was, everywhere rapid, and the road, in some places, was but a narrow shelf, hanging suspended over a frightful declivity; so perfectly sure-footed, however, are the mules, and so entirely do they assume the management upon these occasions, that no one seems afraid. After a long ascent, we found ourselves on an eminence which the calculations of geometers have fixed at 3000 feet above the Priory; and here, upon turning round, we beheld Mont Blanc, in all its sublimity of height and of eternal snow. The other mountains and needles of granite, were like enormous giants upon guard around its base. It seemed as if the curtain of creation had been raised, and as if we were arrived at some other world: it is hence that the efforts of those who have attained to the top of Mont Blanc may be conceived, and that the various glaciers may be traced from their origin, in the mountains, to the valley below. We remained here about half an hour, and then descended a little lower, to a spring, where, as Mr. Coxe expresses himself, we refreshed ourselves with some cold victuals, we had brought with us. Plain truth needs indeed no flowers of speech, but such a dinner, in such a place, is deserving of a few words more. A rock, from which the water sprung, served us as a table, and every thing seemed of the best; and towards the end of our dinner, we were joined by two young women of Chamouny, with baskets of berries, which they had collected from the rocks above us. They were attended by a goatherd, who with a hunting horn slung from his neck, and with a wild yet good-natured countenance, was the very emblem of rural simplicity. Neither he nor the young women would eat meat, as it was on a Friday, but the guides, who are the fine gentlemen of the valley, and have the advantage of travelling, without going from home, were burthened with no such scruples. We descended on foot, and found your little sister waiting for us, at the entrance of the village.

The soil of the valley is fertile, and land is frequently sold at £80 sterling an acre. The air is good, and every necessary of life in great perfection. The good Benedictines, who first settled here, about the time that William the Conqueror went to England, certainly thought themselves and their successours removed from all danger of being molested. They made grants of the land upon very easy terms, and remained in quiet possession of their tythes and other rights till the late revolution. The inhabitants are now relieved from those feudal duties, but they pay heavy taxes, and are plagued with the conscription. It is about 70 years, since their valley was first visited by travellers, and as it has been fashionable, ever since, to do so, and for great numbers of young Englishmen, in particular, the sums of money accumulated by these frugal and sagacious people, as guides, as innkeepers, or as sellers of chrystal, and other curiosities from the mountains, must be considerable.

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MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

The Revd. Dr. Abercrombie, whose talents and principles have procured for him the esteem of many, who have had frequent occasion to witness his honourable exertions

in the cause of literature and religion, has just published a very liberal and candid Sermon on the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This valuable discourse was preached before the Convention, held in Christ-Church, in Philadelphia, on the 15th June 1808. The learned authour received the thanks of the Convention, who, with a liberality, that honours both them and the Church, printed this Sermon, at their own expense. The authour apologizes for any errours which may be found in the composition, by stating, with his wonted frankness and candour, that he was extremely limited in the time, which he could assign for preparation. Indeed, the number of his academical and parochial cares, is sufficient in the estimation of every considerate critick, to vindicate him from any charge of oscitancy or neglect. On a very careful review, both of the sentiments and style of this pamphlet, we see nothing to reprehend, and much to admire. His theme is a very noble one, and he treats it in a manner corresponding with its dignity and importance. The Sermon is dedicated, with perfect propriety, to The Right Reverend Bishop White, as a publick testimony of the sincere esteem, attachment, and gratitude, of the authour.

Before we transcribe any passages from the pamphlet in question, we take occasion to remark, that without any invidious comparison, the beauty and sublimity of the Liturgy of the Church of England, must claim for it a very high degree of admiration from the scholar and the critick. We remember, that Archdeacon Paley has, somewhere, in his admirable system of Ethicks, observed, of the Liturgy, in particular, that it is as near perfection, as the condition of humanity will allow. And another respectable clergyman of the established Church, but who is as remote from a bigot, as he is from an infidel, has thus candidly drawn his lines of discrimination:

"No liturgy can well be so framed as to appear blameless to men of different opinions, or to suit the tastes and wishes of all sects; but though the English Liturgy may be, and certainly is, liable to peculiar objections, does it, notwithstanding, not deserve the sincere, if not the unqualified approbation, of all sects of Christians. In its detached parts, faulty passages may appear; some prejudices may be remarked, which were not so much the errours of the authours, as of the age, in which they lived; but considered as a whole, it breathes the most liberal sentiments, the most enlightened piety, and the most comprehensive charity: it contains petitions suited to all the necessities, and to all conditions of mankind; not a supplication is wanting, that we can ever have occasion to utter, for our own good or the good of others, and it can never be devoutly read, or attentively heard, without the most beneficial influence on our thoughts and actions, our hearts and lives. None of the prayers are polluted by cant, or embarrassed by hypocrisy; they afford the strongest internal testimony, that those who composed them did not write what they did not feel; they are characterised by simplicity and sincerity, and hallowed by the genuine aspirations of unaffected piety. In such a liturgy, so far superiour to all the extravagances of extemporaneous devotion, so salutary in its tendency, so benign in its spirit, and so sublime in its composition, the particular defects are lost in the general beauty; and some few passages, which deserve censure, may well be forgotten, in the many on which it would be rank impiety not to bestow unqualified approbation."

It is a curious circumstance, in the history of the clashings of Christians, that the splendour of the Episcopal Liturgy is so glaring, that its brilliancy has been acknowledged even by those who would willingly shun the light. Not only sound churchmen, but dissenters, have borne publick testimony, in favour both of the sentiment and style of

the Book of Common Prayer. Nothing less than an Apostolical or an Angelical authour, could compose a better book, in which Taste and Genius, the sublime and beautiful, are as conspicuous as the *soundness* of its words, the purity of its doctrine, the utility of its discipline, and the ardency of its piety. In the pointed language of Mr. Reeve, It comes nearer to the primitive patterns, than those of any of the Reformed Churches. It has always been in high esteem with the most eminent Protestants abroad, and it is disapproved only by the Papists, who grudge that it retains not more of their service, and by the Dissenters, who are jealous that it retains any.

A SERMON, &c.

"*I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.*"

1 Ep. to Cor. 14 ch. 15 v.

The immediate cause of this declaration of the holy Apostle, was, the ostentatious display of the gift of tongues, with which some of his brethren distinguished themselves, speaking to the people in an unknown language, by which they could not be edified.

Against this practice, St. Paul reasons and remonstrates, in the chapter from which my text is taken, declaring it to be the duty of a Christian, and more particularly of a Christian minister, to perform the publick offices of religion, not only with sincerity and zeal, but in such a manner as should most effectually tend to promote the glory of GOD, and the spiritual improvement of those who were assembled to worship him.

The occasion of my present address, Brethren, originates in a resolution of our State Convention two years ago, that its future annual meetings should be opened with a Sermon or Charge: and the admirably comprehensive Charge of our venerable Bishop, delivered at the last meeting, and since published, leaving no room to descant upon the *establishment* of the Episcopal Church, and *the various duties of the clerical character*, I have supposed that no other subject would be more appropriate, than that of the duty of connecting wisdom with zeal in our devotional exercises; as exemplified in that fervid effusion of piety and wisdom, the established Liturgy of our Church.

I propose, therefore, in the following Discourse,

1. Briefly to suggest a few arguments in favour of a preconceived or written form of publick worship;

2. To point out a few of the most prominent excellences of that adopted by us; and

3. To recommend a uniform and general performance of it, agreeable to the requisitions of its rubricks.

That the best exertions of our noblest faculties should be employed in praising and adoring that Almighty Being, to whom we are indebted for them and every other privilege and enjoyment, is the unequivocal dictate of Reason. Sound Reason, however, and the impulses of passion, or the reveries of a heated imagination, often impel to directly opposite conduct. Reason, frequently styled, "the candle of the LORD in man," was given to regulate and restrain the operations of passion, and to direct and control the fervours of imagination. And under the influence of this Heaven-born guide, and the precepts and examples recorded for our instruction in the Sacred Scriptures, holy and learn-

ed men, sanctioned by civil appointment, immediately after that important era, the Reformation, assembled to digest such a form of publick worship, as should, at once accord with the purity of Evangelical truth, the general expression of religious homage, by a whole congregation, and the dignity and authority of Episcopal administration. Accordingly, this truly venerable association, in which a *Cranmer*, a *Latimer*, a *Ridley*, and many others, whose wisdom piety and zeal were, "known unto all men," and, "whose praise was in all the churches," after the most mature deliberation, accompanied by prayer to ALMIGHTY GOD, for the influence of his Holy Spirit to direct and guide them, produced a Liturgy, which forms the basis of that sublime and comprehensive series of instruction and devotion, that now constitutes the publick service and offices of our Church; and from the doctrinal part of which we have in no degree departed, submitting only to such deviations as local and political circumstances rendered necessary and unavoidable.

The use and propriety of established forms of publick worship, are sanctioned by high and various authority.

We find, in the 6th chapter of the book of Numbers, that GOD himself dictated the form of blessing that the Priest should use. "And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, "On this wise ye shall bless the Children of Israel, *saying unto them*, The LORD bless thee, and keep thee: the LORD make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the LORD lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." And this very form of blessing is prescribed by our Liturgy, in the office for the visitation of the sick. In the same book, is recorded the form of benediction at the removal and resting of the ark: and in the 21st of Deuteronomy, the form of expiation of murder: and in the 26th the confession of him who offereth the basket of first fruits; and the prayer of him who giveth the third year's tythes. To these, and other single instances, may be added, that rich and sublime variety of prayer and praise in the book of Psalms, which were composed by David, and other pious members of the Jewish Church, for the service of the Temple.*

If we now turn our attention to the New Testament, (for the copiousness of the subject requires brevity in the respective branches of it,) we find, that St John, the precursor of our Saviour, taught his disciples a *form* of prayer, as the Jewish Doctors had taught theirs: upon which is grounded the application of CHRIST'S disciples to him, as recorded in the 11th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel: "LORD," said they to him, "teach us to pray," or, give us some form for our constant use, "as John also," and the publick teachers of other religious sects, have taught theirs.†

Accordingly, JESUS CHRIST (thereby in the strongest manner possible, attesting his approbation

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* By Ambrose the Psalms are called, "the instruments of virtue," by Basil, "the Essence of Theology," and by Athanasius and others, "the Epitome of the Holy Scriptures."

† This was a very natural and proper application—for these disciples, as well as *Jesus* himself, and his precursor *John*, being Jews, had always been accustomed to an established form of prayer.

For a particular account of the form used in the Synagogue, with extracts from it, see Dr. Prideaux's Connexion of the Old and New Testaments, Fol. Edit. Vol. 1; p. 296.

of that mode), dictated to them, that admirably comprehensive *form* called the LORD's Prayer, and enjoined their constant use of it.— "And he said unto them, when ye pray, say, "Our Father, &c." And this, let it be observed, is an exact repetition of the same form, given upon another occasion, as recorded by St. Matthew, in his 6th chapter. "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking; be not ye therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him. After this manner, therefore pray ye: Our Father, &c.

It is observed by Grotius, that so averse was our LORD from unnecessary innovation, and the affectation of novelty, that he who had "the spirit, not by measure," (John 3, 34) and in whom were all the "hidden treasures of wisdom and knowledge," (Col. 2, 3) selected words and phrases of this Prayer, principally from *forms* at that time well known among the Jews.

These authorities are amply explicit, conclusive, and sufficient for us; they fully authenticate the truth and propriety of our position, with respect to the use of an established form of prayer; which is a mode of publick worship universally adopted by the Christian Church from the earliest ages, and everywhere observed, until a century or two ago, when a rage for innovation, the frenzy of fanaticism, and the folly of enthusiasm, obtained unlimited sway, leading their votaries to subvert all established order, to resist the truth, and to become reprobate concerning the faith. And when by vain and illiterate pretenders to immediate inspiration, their crude conceptions are uttered with distortions of the countenance, convulsions of the frame, and an affected canting articulation, can it, consistently with reason, be supposed, that, "with such sacrifices, GOD is well pleased?" and can it be wondered at, that the enemies of our holy faith should represent it as a system of fanaticism, and charge such professing Christians, with "offering to GOD, the sacrifice of fools?" Did CHRIST and his apostles instruct the people in this manner, or did any of the ancient prophets practise such absurdities in their devotional exercises, and publick addresses? I am sure they did not.* Forms of prayer were everywhere used by the Dissenters from the established Church of England, after the Reformation. Calvin, their leader and guide, in a letter to the Protector, under Edward VIth, hath these words: "As to a form of prayer, and of Ecclesiastical Rites, I highly approve that it should be *certain*, from which it may not be lawful for any Minister to depart; as well in consideration of the weakness and ignorance of some, as that it may more plainly appear, how our Churches agree among themselves, and lastly, that a stop may be put to the giddiness of those who affect novelties."

Mr. Baxter, a well-known, eminent, non-conformist, declared, "Every Church on earth hath a worse Liturgy than the Church of England."

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* It is far from being intended to imply, that extempore prayer is necessarily attended by these extravagances. The argument is, that the manner of publick prayer the most liable to such abuse, is not likely to have been that which was originally established in the Christian Church.

Mr. Carpenter, a pious and respectable dissenting Minister, in the same country, a few years ago proposed a Liturgy for the Presbyterians. He says, in his prefatory address, " Our mode of worship is too refined for the young and ignorant, and I am persuaded that something ought to be done to render our publick services less tiresome, and more interesting to such persons. Forms of devotion would give a dignity and solemnity to our publick worship, and a stability to our religious societies, in which they are now deficient: our publick worship is too uncertain and fluctuating—it depends on the frame of the person's mind who officiates, which is variable, and it changes when Ministers are changed. There is something more solemn and venerable in publick Liturgies, where responses are used, and where all the people are evidently employed in the worship of their Maker."

Several forms of prayer for different *publick* occasions, for *family* worship, and *private* devotion, have been given to the world as the habitual devotional exercises of men whose profound learning, unquestionable energy of mind, and fluency of diction, prohibit all doubt of their ability to express themselves correctly in an extemporaneous address to the Deity, who yet could not reconcile such unpremeditated and familiar effusions, with their just ideas of the awful Majesty of the object addressed, and the propriety of employing their best and most deliberate abilities on so important and solemn an occasion. But, though men of learning and pious dispositions *should* sometimes coherently and judiciously express their devotional feelings, and supplicate for the relief of their wants, and the pardon of their sins, from the mere impulse of the moment, without any preconceived form, that is not to be wondered at; nor can any argument against a preconceived form be grounded upon such premises: that which is true by accident, being no just foundation of opposition to a general principle. And although no " vain repetitions" should be used, which is rarely the case, no feeble or absurd petitions offered, yet still such are the efforts of the petitioner's mind to recollect the various subjects he would suggest, and to clothe his sentiments in the most expressive language, and on the part of the hearer, if it be a publick address, such close attention to the speaker is necessary, such a degree of unavoidable curiosity is awakened to know what is to be uttered, and such caution in each individual to judge whether the petitions thus offered, are applicable to himself, and such as he can honestly and cordially join in, that it is impossible there can exist that energy and total devotion of the mind, that surrender of the whole heart to GOD, which should always take place, when we presume to invoke his immediate attention to us.

Another, among many more very powerful arguments in favour of precomposed prayers, is, that they prevent the introduction of heterodox doctrines and false opinions, which are thus sometimes plausibly and artfully imposed upon the hearers, thereby rendering their devotions a violation of their faith, and consequently a mockery and insult to the Deity, instead of a rational and acceptable Service.

Such being the general advantages of an established Formulary of devotions, I proceed to the second head of my discourse, viz.

To point out a few of the most prominent excellencies of that adopted by us. But here, contemplating the amazing whole, the blaze of spiritual light dazzles the mental eye; and where excellencies are thus the distinguishing character of every part, a selection from them embarrasses the mind. Like the sacred Ark of the Covenant under the *Old Dispensation*, which stood in the holy place of the temple, from which the divine oracles were issued, and over the mercy-seat of which the Shechinah, or symbol of the Divine Presence hovered, it should not be approached but with the most profound reverence and awe: for, as that Ark contained the Tables of the moral law, the golden pot of manna, Aaron's rod that budded, and the Pentateuch or *Covenant* of the *Old Testament*, so in this our Christian and Episcopal Ark are contained in its various orders and offices, the principles and precepts of the moral law, improved and explained under the *New Dispensation*, the precious Manna of Evangelical grace, and the spirit of pure and undefiled Religion, which, imbibed into the human heart, will assuredly produce in us not only the buds and blossoms of virtue and of piety, but the maturest and most copious fruits of true righteousness: and in it are likewise contained, in various extracts from the Gospels and Epistles, the substance of the whole body of the *New Testament Convenant*, which is able to make us wise unto Salvation. And as the Jewish Ark was consecrated with sprinkling of blood, and was carried by the Hebrews as a protection to them through the desert, and borne upon the shoulders of the Priests through the river Jordan, the swollen waters of which divided, and opened a clear passage for the whole Congregation of Israel; so our Liturgical Ark is consecrated by the great doctrine of Atonement by the blood of CHRIST, which pervades the whole, and with the acknowledgment of which all its prayers are concluded. It is the great spiritual panoply of our Church, leading and protecting her children, through this wilderness of sin and sorrow; and inspiring her faithful worshippers with holy confidence, to pass undismayed through the valley of the shadow of Death, to the promised land of rest, the heavenly Canaan.

Of the several species of Prayer, under the characters of Confession, Adoration, Supplication, Thanksgiving, Intercession, and Petition, the most sublime and perfect models of composition are to be found in the Daily Morning and Evening Service. The general Confession in each, introduced by an affectionate and impressive exhortation, is in the highest degree calculated to solemnize the mind, and humble the heart of the worshipper; thus preparing it for the reception of the divine truths contained in the Lessons and Psalms appointed for the day, and for those strains of praise and grateful adoration contained in the Te Deum, and general Thanksgiving. The fervid glow of devotional ardour which the various and comprehensive petitions in the Litany inspire, embrace all the wants, and extend to all the weaknesses and temptations of "poor, bewildered, miserable, man."

The constant reading of the Holy Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, communicate not only historical but moral and religious instruction: and the

Lessons from each are so selected, that where the Service is performed daily, at it is the intention of our Church that it should be, the Old Testament is read over once, and the New Testament three times every year. By this means, the poor and illiterate, who cannot read, the laboriously active, who have not leisure, and the foolishly "wise in their own conceits," who think there is no necessity to read them, hear these sacred oracles of divine truth promulgated, and are thereby instructed in the way of Salvation.

The admirable arrangement of the various parts of our service, and the judicious alternation of precept, prayer, and praise, prevent the mind from being fatigued by too protracted an attention to either: such variety relieves it, and consequently gives energy to its action.

The Offices for the Administration of the two Sacraments of Baptism and of the Lord's Supper, and those for the Visitation of the sick, and Burial of the dead, convey, in the purest strains of eloquence, that Divine Consolation, which is the peculiar characteristick of our Holy Religion.

The established Fasts and Festivals are wisely calculated to keep alive in our minds, the most important incidents and principles which attended the introduction of the Christian system, by annually presenting them before us, and affectionately soliciting our most attentive consideration of them.

In short, the majestick simplicity, and sublime energy, of this wonderful series of devotional exercises, must ever command the affectionate attachment of the members of our Church,* and has even obtained the liberal praise of some of the most intelligent and eminent of the non-episcopalians.

With respect to our rites and ceremonies, they are neither numerous nor burdensome, preserving a just medium between the fastidious and melancholy coldness of Puritanism, and the tedious and unmeaning mummery of superstition, they are admirably calculated to awaken and animate attention. Appropriate, solemn, and impressive, they give dignity to our devotion, and enforce the sublimity of our Service.†

In recommending, agreeably to the third proposed head of my discourse, a uniform and general performance of publick worship, according to the requisitions of its rubricks,‡ I shall first address myself to the Laity.

And here I must be permitted to remonstrate, to rebuke, and to persuade.

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* For the Church of England, I am persuaded, that the constant doctrine of it is so pure and orthodox, that whosoever believes it, and lives according to it, *undoubtedly* shall be saved; and that there is *no errour* in it, which may warrant any man to disturb the peace, or renounce the communion of it. *Chillingworth.*

† For a more copious illustration and recommendation of our excellent Liturgy, the reader is referred to the writings of Wheatley, Hooker, Jewell, Bennet, Chillingworth, Comber, Secker,—and Shepherd, a modern writer, whose critical and practical elucidation of the Book of Common Prayer, is a judicious and learned commentary on all former writers on that subject.

‡ Rubricks are the rules and directions given in the Book of Common Prayer for the *proper* performance of the respective offices of the Church. They are called *Rubricks*, because they were formerly distinguished by appearing in *red* letters. The Latin word *Rubrica*, from which the English term Rubrick is derived, means red earth, red ochre, &c. The Rubricks of the *Missal* and other Romish offices, are still printed in red letters. In the modern editions of our Liturgy, all the offices, excepting the responses, are generally printed in Roman, and the Rubrick in Italick characters.

A leading idea in the construction of our excellent form of publick worship is, that it should be an alternate service between the Minister and the People. Now, unless it be thus performed, so far from producing its intended and proper effect, so far from being a sublime and expressive service, it is rendered, to the audience, not only insipid, but absurd. If, when the people should, with an audible voice, perform their parts, and repeat the appointed responses, they be totally silent, and the voice of the clerk alone be heard, and he speaking frequently in the plural number, how can the intended effect be produced? Besides, by the non-compliance of the people, with the instructions of the rubrick, that ardour of religious zeal, that sacred fervour of devotion, which is always awakened by the irresistible power of sympathy, remains dormant: whereas, did the mingled harmony of prayer and praise resound from the tongues of the whole assembly, how animating, how powerful would be its influence! how sublime and interesting would our service then appear! and how entirely extinguished would be that listlessness and apparent indifference, that supine and torpid deportment which so frequently are seen, and which would lead a stranger to suppose, that such persons assembled for any other purpose, but that of worshipping ALMIGHTY GOD!

The beauty and dignity of our prescribed form of publick worship is also often shamefully obscured and diminished, by the standing of some, the sitting down of others, and the reclining attitudes of many, when all should be upon their knees, imploring the mercy, the blessings of GOD.

The Divine Authour of our Religion, JESUS CHRIST, kneeled down when he prayed, and so did his apostles and primitive disciples.

And certainly, it is the most natural and proper posture for such sinful, rebellious beings, as we are, to assume, when we supplicate the awful Majesty of Heaven, the supreme and transcendently glorious Creator and Governour of the Universe.

Another important and expressive part of our excellent service, which is almost universally neglected by the congregation, is the duty of joining their voices with that of the clerk, and with the Organ in the Chants and Psalms.

Singing, accompanied by instrumental musick, has, from the earliest ages, constituted a part of publick worship. It is a natural expression of devotional feelings. Even the Heathen, in their sacred Festivals, used it. We are told by the prophet Daniel, that when the golden image was set up by Nebuchadnezzar, in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon, the act of adoration was accompanied by " the sound of the cornet, flute, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of musick." (Dan. 3, 5.)

In the Service of the Tabernacle and Temple, all kinds of instruments were employed, and bands of singers and musicians, in such numbers, that one of the Fathers of the Church informs us, the burst of harmony in the Temple, on days of great solemnity, was, from the elevation of the building and the multitude of performers, so loud that it could be heard at the distance of several miles. Numerous are the Scriptural authorities for this part

of publick worship, both in the Old and New Testaments.

Instruments of musick, and particularly organs, were introduced, no doubt to aid the human voice; it too frequently, however, happens, that instead of aiding, they absolutely suppress, the vocal musick, or prevent many in the congregation from singing, as they know the strain will be performed without their aid: this is much to be lamented: for, did every individual consider it his duty to join in the psalmody to the best of his ability, the united voices of the whole congregation, aided by the organ, would produce an effect highly conducive to the great end for which publick worship was originally instituted, viz. the glory of GOD, and the furtherance of our spiritual improvement here, and eternal Salvation hereafter.

Let me entreat you, therefore, brethren, interested as you all are, in the prosperity of our Church, and in the benefits resulting from her prosperity to each individual, who endeavours to promote it, let me entreat you no longer to indulge in apparent coldness or indifference in the publick worship of ALMIGHTY GOD; but let each individual henceforth determine to perform his part in so laudable, so important a duty; thus will you "give unto the LORD, the honour due unto his name;" thus will you "worship him with a holy worship," and "offer a reasonable and acceptable service," and thus will you kindle in your hearts such an ardent flame of piety and true devotion, as will consume all your earthly corruptions, refine and purify your depraved passions, animate and invigorate you in your Christian warfare, illuminate and exhilarate your path through the valley of the shadow of death, and finally, conduct you to the Paradise of GOD.

In concluding this address, permit me, my reverend brethren, most affectionately and earnestly to impress upon your minds the necessity of your most strenuous and unremitted exertions, to induce your congregations to comply with the injunctions contained in the rubricks of our Morning and Evening Service. In an especial manner, would I now address myself to those of you, whose parochial cures are not in the city. Your peculiar situation gives you very considerable influence over your congregations, and I am confident your zeal for the glorious cause in which we are engaged, your regard for the honour of our Church, your attachment to our sublime and inimitable form of worship, your love of order, and approbation of ecclesiastical discipline, will lead you to omit no effort which remonstrance or persuasion can make, to produce this desirable, this blessed effect, in your respective churches. And let your example in the correct and undeviating performance of your part of the Service, induce their compliance with the injunctions of the Rubrick, with respect to theirs; a departure *in any degree* from the prescribed language of the Liturgy, by addition, omission, or alteration, as it originates in vanity and self-conceit, so it invariably lessens the dignity and destroys the perfection of our Service. For, can it be supposed, that the effusions, however zealous, of an individual, can be superiour to the deliberate composition of some of the wisest and most pious members of our Church assembled together in convocation; which composition is also ratified and confirmed by her au-

thority? Besides, let every Minister thus disposed to offend, remember, that at his ordination, he solemnly promised "to conform to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States."

Nothing, I am persuaded, is wanting, to give our Liturgy that marked superiority, in the general estimation, above all other modes of publick worship, which its intrinsick excellence deserves, but the *proper* performance of that part which belongs to the people. Were it duly executed, we should indeed, then "pray with the spirit and with the understanding also; we should sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." The prayers and praises which we should thus offer unto GOD in his Holy Temple, would be a Service justly calculated to express the profound humility of the worshipper, and as justly accommodated to the dignity and majesty of the object addressed, as the feeble powers of human ability can possibly frame. We should thereby prove that we are a people "taught of GOD;" and by so proper an exhibition of our inimitable Liturgy, should be justly said to "worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness."*

* It is perhaps worthy of observation, that even in those Christian Societies where extempore prayer is practised in Publick Worship, though the expressions be extempore, and they profess disapprobation of forms as to the Minister, yet they certainly constitute a form as to the Congregation, the people being altogether led by them, and the aspirations of their hearts directed by them. In such case, which is the most likely to be accommodated to the dignity, solemnity, and importance of the occasion? —those prayers which are precomposed by the united talents of the wisest and most pious members of a Church, and which the people are well acquainted with before they utter them, or those which are dictated by an individual at the moment in which they are pronounced, and of which, consequently, the people can know nothing, before they hear them?——Besides, by those who reject a written form of *Prayer*, a written form of *Praise* is *always* used; for they never sing any psalms or hymns, but those which are printed. Is Prayer less worthy of previous attention than Praise?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The reception of "Sir Elmer," and other tales of the same cast, induced me to send you the following. I copied it some years since from a friend's manuscript. He was unable to inform me of its date or parentage. If you have ever met with it before, be so kind as to annex the name of the authour, and receive the respectful thanks of your most humble servant, &c.

THE *TWO* EARLS

Harold of Curwin, and Arthur of Cranden.

"Brave Hendrick, is the deed performed?
Lies Harold's corse in Curwin low;"
"Yes, noble Earl, this fearless hand
"Comes reeking from the blow."

"I stabbed him, on his princely couch,
While dreams of night his fancy led;
Fear not; no morn shall wake him, till
The trumpet calls the dead."

"Brave Hendrick, for this high exploit,
Tomorrow claim the promis'd fee,
Myself alone, in Cranden Hall,
Henceforth thy paramount shall be."

Then gath'ring round the blazing hearth,
Earl Arthur cheered his powerful clan;
And many an ancient cork was drawn,
And many a tale began.

They told of wars in Palestine,
When Monks' and Barons' mighty trains,
Of seventeen hundred thousand souls,
Did muster on Asiatick plains.

And of the last croisade, from which,
Brave Lion-Heart had just returned:
How Ascalon in fight he won,
And scars of glory earned.

How many an English baron bold,
In battle's bosom fought and died,
The flowers of noble chivalry,
For God, St. George, and England's pride!

The heroes of the cross who bared
Their arms in High Jehovah's name:
Now closed in tombs, but living still
In the long life of fame.

And some did vaunt their valiant deeds
Achieved in savage feudal wars:
And veterans bold arose to boast
Their skirmishes and scars.

One claimed the blood of Harold's sire;
Two of that clan had Rufus slain;
And Hendrick pointed on his blade,
Where Harold's blood did stain.

"My Lord," a humble villain cried,
"A strolling harper waits below."
"Well, send him up," the Earl replied,
Nor was the vassal slow.

To hear the vagrant minstrel's strain
Of scenes and deeds of flying time,
Sat Arthur's lady, courtly Jane,
In beauty's wondrous prime.

The minstrel came; his shrinking height
Seemed bent with age toward the ground
Like the tall oak some storm has seized
And cast its limbs around.

His robe full often wrapt about,
To guard him from the winter blast;
Crossed o'er his head and on his brow
A midnight shadow cast.

His harp was of a stately height,
And richly carved its polished frame;
But when he swept the silver chords
Immortal spirits came!

O surely 'twas no human hand
That wove such high and holy strain!
For even the cold and cruel heart
Grew merciful again.
'Twas like the midnight holy hymn
Of angels on the winter heath,
When round some lost and frozen saint,
They win a soul from death.

But soon he changed the tone to war,
High deeds, and hosts, and wild alarms
Till each eye flamed and beating hearts
All started up to arms.
And then of tilts and tournaments,
And Knights who bore away the ring,
"When Harold vanquished Cranden's Earl
Before high England's King!"

"Hold," wrathful Cranden starting cried,
"Vile recreant! who and what art thou?"
The harper rose, threw back his hood—
"Earl Arthur, ask me now."
His hood curled down, and as it fell,
In shade deceiving lost the eye,
He rose a Knight all clad in steel,
And plumes of sable high.
His mien, majestick as the form
That fancy gives to kings of yore:
And on his stately shoulder high
The cross of Christ he bore.

Like lightning gleamed his awful eye,
Each Cranden started forth his sword,
For lo! all armed before them stood
Earl Harold, Curwin's Lord.

"Thou wretch!" Earl Arthur fiercely cried—
"Thou wretch, was I deceived, betrayed?"
Then deep in ghastly Hendrick's breast
He sheathed his shining blade.

"Ha, bloody fiend! he falling shrieked—
Too well I served false hell and thee!
Curse"— but the red withdrawing steel
There set the guilty spirit free.

"Thou murderer—from thy justest deed,
'Tis Harold, Harold bids thee turn,
Now thou shalt expiate the blood
That stains my father's urn."

"No cursed Harold, now thy days
Are circled just as Arthur willed;
I'll string thy vitals on this blade,
The same thy son and Father killed.

Now pull I down thy haughty clan,
And cast their pride, their boast, their stay
Torn like an eagle-slaughtered lamb,
On hungry winds away;

But let me rack thy bosom first,
And tell thee e'er we kindly part,
This grasped thy sire, and this the steel
Shoved slowly through his heart.

I took thy son, when hunting gay,
And in the face of fervid noon:
Raised high this glittering sword and stabbed
As I will show thee soon."

"Earl Arthur, dost thou, basely false,
Accuse thyself to torture me?
Though thou didst foully stab my sire,
Of Richard's blood thy hand is free:

But hold! no praise I give thee there,
'Twere damning guilt to give thee praise:
Thou keepest my son in cavern pent,
To murder all his days.

Beneath this castle vaulted deep,
Where cheery day did never glare,
Round my poor son old vapours weep
Sad on the heavy air.

Like morn of God, on sleep of death,
His dungeoned eyes shall wakened be,
For I am come, ye know not whence,
To set the captive free."

"Hah! yelled Earl Arthur, haggard Jane,
Art thou a damned traitor too?"
The fainted lady's bosom then
His falchion quivered through.

"Didst thou conspire and cheer my foe?
Thou who alone that secret heard;
Go first and tell the hounds of hell
How thy friend Harold fared!"

On her white breast th' untimely blood
In devious traces wildly ran:
And on their far more savage lord
Stared all his savage clan.

The doomsday voice of Harold broke:
"Now hound! thy dark career is o'er!
Weep, weep, for never human blood
Shall stain thy weapon more."

"Nay, sayst thou so gigantick Earl
Let this thy prophecy attest:"
Then high his spotted falchion reared
O'er dauntless Harold's crest.

The vengeful steel in hurtless way,
Through seeming helm and corslet wound,
Glanced down the shining form of air
And shivered in the ground!

O, back recoiled the clan dismayed,
And Arthur's eye strained fixed and dim,
The unsubstantial warriour's plume
More awful high did swim.

"Poor Arthur, wouldst thou murder twice,—
Exclaimed the awful, frowning shade—
Now where is fled thy valour, wretch?
Now lift thy daring blade!

Thou Saracen assassin! gloat,
Yea, raise thy hair, O marked of hell!
Thou hiredst my slave to stab his lord,
And there the murderer fell!

And look—look there! that angel form,
Whose bitter fate allied to thine;
All chaste and fair, lo, there she lies,
A branch of noble line.

So like the lily in its prime,
Cut down before the ruthless plough;
Once fairest flower of all the field,
But who can raise it now?

My butchered father's clammy clay
Long pent in marble vault doth lie;
But now, yea now, his dusky ghost
Glares on his murderer nigh.

And fallen by thee, Earl Harold's corse
Lies stretched, in death's dark temple laid:
I warn thee soon like him to be,
For I am Harold's shade.

And Hendrick, too, whom riches hired,
And sheeny steel requited just;
Calls loudly in his vaporous pall,
From life still reeking burst.

And faintly in the waving air,
No unenfranchised eye can see,
Yet throbbing warm from clotting blood,
The soul of Jane doth summon thee.

Thou slave of Envy and of Hate,
Now stand on life's extremest bound,
And like an o'erspent tempest view
The ruin spread around.

Shrink, shrink again thou sentenced chief,
Convulsive draw thy counted breath;
For never shalt thou sleep again,
But in the bony arms of Death.

Soon, gathering round thee, blighting hands
Shall snatch thy spirit and rejoice,
When the high angel of the tombs
Doth call thee with a monarch's voice.

The owl is still, the meteors fall,
Pale Morning rides the eastern blast;
The sprites of hollow hell career
In shivering silence past.

Away to Death's wide-yawning womb
The solemn, restless shade must flee."
The martial spirit sailed away,
Crying, "Arthur, Arthur, follow me."

"Hold! stop him slave," wild Arthur yelled,
"Strike down the moulded shadow there."
But no man raised his daring arm
To stay the formal air.

It glided down the marble flight
A mist beneath its footing curled;
Then through the avenues of night
Departed o'er the world.

To noble Curwin's later Lords,
This tale a hoary harper sung:
And how he'd seen Earl Richard's self,
Long since, when he was young.

Told how Earl Arthur died that night,
All ghastly wild, and gasping grim;
And how young Richard soon was found
In dungeon deep and dim.

How England's lion-hearted King
Proud Cranden unto Curwin gave;
And Richard Earl of titles twain,
Proved wise, and just, and brave.

How he and numerous Barons more,
From hated, weak, and cruel JOHN,
In Freedom's cause, at Runimede,
The *magna charta* won.

And praising long th' united clans
Loud on the shivering strings:
Clos'd, chanting, "God save EDWARD bold,
The King of England's Kings."

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